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CROWS ON BICYCLE

ACCORDING TO CYCLOMETER
THEY PEDALED 32 MILES.

Strange Tale Told by a Peapack, New Jersey correspondent in Support of the "Nature Fak-er's" Stories.

As there seems to be so much attention lately given to "nature fak-ers" and nature pro and con, I am taking the liberty of describing to the New York Times the following incident which at the time and ever since has appeared to me to be a trifle out of the ordinary.

Last week while out at a farm near the metropolis of Peapack, N. J., one afternoon, I was behind a barn cleaning my bicycle. In the nearby meadow is a clump of scrub oak trees, and these at the time were used as a resting-place for a flock of crows. Evidently the dry weather and a lack of food had made them bolder than usual, for when I threw them a few crumbs of my lunch they flew down and devoured it greedily. My wheel I had reversed—resting on its handlebars and saddle the better to get at the spokes, etc. Having finished the cleaning I left it as it was, throwing the remainder of my lunch on the ground and went into the barn. As I entered I glanced behind me and was surprised to observe one of the crows (almost immediately followed by another) swoop down toward the bicycle, evidently intent upon getting the remains of my lunch. He "lit" on the right pedal of the machine, which happened to be up, but his weight was such that he caused it to make a half turn, and at that very instant the other crow "lit" on the left pedal, which was now up, and his impetus was such that he now also made a half turn, thus bringing the first crow up again. This one then "hunched" himself in his endeavor to fly off, but this very "hunch" was sufficient to cause his pedal to sink down. This operation was then repeated by the left pedal crow in turn, and so they kept the wheel revolving and seemingly were unable to leave it. I watched them for a half hour, and when I returned at sundown they were still at it.

I dislike to see anyone work too hard, so I stopped the wheel by grasping the tire. The two birds were so exhausted that they fell to the ground and I easily picked them up, but after giving them a little food and water they appeared as well as ever. There were some leg bands in the barn, and after marking one of them "Roosevelt" and the other "Dr. Long," I fastened one to each of the birds and let them fly. Upon looking at the cyclometer, which was attached to the rear wheel I saw it had registered 32 1/2 miles more than when I last noted it. Now some students of nature may doubt the above, but to convince them I shall be pleased to show them the wheel and the cyclometer, also Peapack, the farm, the barn, the meadow and the clump of oaks. The birds, of course, have flown away, but no doubt with a little salt they could be recaptured.

Some Zoo Psychology.

A little girl in a red hat approached the tigers' cage, and the old tiger, with a horrid yell, made a spring at her. Her yell in return was almost more fearful than the beast's. "Dash it all," said Keeper John Lover, "we ought to have a rule prohibiting red in the carnivora house. Red excites these animals something fierce. It's actually bad for their health."

"Why does red excite them?" "Because it looks like flesh. It looks like blood. A lion or a tiger sees a girl in a red hat or a red blouse, and he gets the idea in his noodle that a chunk of raw meat is being brought to him. He mistakes the red fabric for a horse steak, and, slaving and roaring, he makes a dash for it. And that is the psychology of a carnivorous animal's so-called hatred—it's really love—for red."

Students Adopt Odd Uniforms.

Corduroy trousers, in pink or violet green, with tan shoes and some distinctive hat, will be the future wearing apparel of the forestry student at the university and the agricultural college. Forestry as a professional study is making itself felt more and more at the university, and this year the registration for that course is the largest in the history of the school. Forty freshmen have registered, five times as many as ever took the work before. The students have decided to adopt some distinctive clothing, and have hit upon corduroy and tan shoes.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Recipe for Success.

Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., whose marvelous painting, "Caracalla and Geta," which contains no fewer than 2,500 figures—is attracting so much attention, is one of the most painstaking and conscientious artists living; so exacting that if a canvas fails to satisfy his almost hypercritical taste he will destroy it, though it may represent the work of many months. "Hard work, and plenty of it," is his recipe for success; and there are few mornings in summer that he is not at his easel at four or five o'clock. "Many people," he says, "are surprised when they hear that I have visited Greece or Egypt—the two countries that have figured so much on my canvases."

Butter in Bogs.

From time to time lumps of butter are dug out of the Irish bogs, and specimens of it may be seen in various museums. A chemical examination has recently been made of a sample of such butter, which was found four feet below the surface of a bog at Maghera, County Tyrone. The original lump, which weighed about 20 pounds, is probably some centuries old, and it is suggested that it had been put into peat water to preserve it or to give it a flavor and had been forgotten. Yet so effectually had the fat been preserved by the peat water that it still retained many of the chemical characteristics of butter fat, though its appearance had greatly changed. The exterior was white and granular, and the whole mass had been converted during the passage of years into a waxlike material.

With the Children.

Two little boys and two little girls were playing "house," the boys being the papas, of course. All went well until the papas insisted upon coming home to luncheon, although their wives repeatedly told them that they should stay downtown in their offices and kill bears until 5 o'clock. The argument finally grew so noisy that auntie came to investigate.

"Boys, why do you come home when the girls ask you not to? Is it because you are so fond of them you cannot keep away?"

"No," said Tom, disgustedly.

"Is it because you wanted another look at all your beautiful children?"

"No," said Bob, with even more disgust in his tones. "It's because the girls eat chocolate for lunch and we want some."

Geese on a Cider Spree.

Martin Beck, a farmer on the Cone-wago hills, is humiliated to admit that three of his geese went on a disgraceful spree after having eaten some pulp from a cider mill.

Some time after the eating of the pulp, the peculiar action of the fowls attracted the attention of the farmer. They swayed from side to side and cackled hoarsely. Finally one by one they fell limp and apparently dead.

Mrs. Beck carried the fowls into the house, with the intention of plucking them, when they revived.

Since then the geese have kept away from the cider mill, and have tried to prevent other geese from going near it.—Philadelphia North American.

Gave Names to Flowers.

The dahlia rivals the hansom cab in the matter of having smothered the memory of the man after whom it was named. But persons who use them at least pronounce "hansom" as Joseph Hansom pronounced his surname; whereas probably most people call the flower "daylia," thus getting hopelessly remote from the Swedish Dr. Dahl, the pupil of Linnaeus, who brought this Mexican plant into cultivation in Europe. How many who know the fuchsia have ever heard of the sixteenth-century German botanist Leonhard Fuchs? Germany, by the way, calls the dahlia "Georgine," in honor of another botanist, Georgi.

Haunted by His Double.

As a young man Guy de Maupassant, as everybody knows, was physically a magnificent specimen of vigorous and full blooded manhood, but he inherited very bad nervous tendencies—his mother was a highly neurotic woman—and he used life much as a jockey does a racehorse on the course. Long before Maupassant's sudden access of genuine insanity he had been haunted by his double—that is, by the vision of himself sitting or standing opposite to him.

Would Accept No Substitute.

"I would like to marry your pretty daughter," said the young man, quietly, to her father. "I can't let you have the pretty one," replied the old man, "but you can have the homely one, and I'll guarantee you that she's just as good." But the young man had read the warning, "accept no substitute," and the "just as good" line of talk was wasted upon him.

Not an Ad.

Enrico Toselli, the Italian pianist, who was married in London to Countess Montezoso, the divorced wife of the crown prince of Saxony, now King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, has refused an offer made him by a Hamburg impresario to give five concerts for \$2,400, saying he had not married his wife to use her as an advertisement.

Dredger Lifts 10,000 Tons of Sand.

The Mersey Dock and Harbor board has accepted a tender for the construction of the largest sand pump dredger ever designed. It will lift 10,000 tons of sand in 50 minutes, by suction, from a depth of 70 feet. The approaches to the Mersey are to be further deepened to accommodate such enormous liners as the Lusitania and Mauritania.

Will Begin Lecturing Tour.

Ronald Arundson, the arctic explorer, who recently made his way through the Northwest passage, has left Christiania for New York city, where he will begin a lecturing tour under the auspices of the Geographical society.

Defies Superstition.

Defying superstition, the Herald of Slatington, Pa., began publication as a weekly on Friday, September 13. The first copy was taken from the press at 13 minutes before five o'clock, in the presence of 13 witnesses.

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TIME TABLE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

No. 52—St. Louis Express, 10:11 a. m.
No. 54—St. L. Fast Mail, 10:05 p. m.
No. 92—C. & St. L. Lim., 6:04 a. m.
No. 56—Hopkinsville Ac. 8:55 p. m.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

No. 51—St. L. Express 5:18 p. m.
No. 53—St. L. Fast Mail 5:37 a. m.
No. 93—C. & N. O. Lim. 11:50 p. m.
No. 55—Hopkinsville Ac. 7:05 a. m.

No. 52 and 54 connect at St. Louis with trains west.

No. 51 connects at Guthrie for Memphis, La. points as far south as Erie and for Louisville, Cincinnati and the East.

No. 53 and 55 make direct connection at Guthrie for Louisville, Cincinnati and all points north and east thereof. No. 53 and 55 also connect for Memphis and way points.

No. 92 runs through to Chicago and will carry passengers to point South of Evansville. Also carries through sleepers to St. Louis.

No. 93, through sleepers to Atlanta, Macon, Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Tampa, Fla. Also Pullman sleepers to New Orleans. Connects at Guthrie for points East and West. No. 51 will carry local passengers for points North Nashville Tenn.

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